

Homewrecker Steve by Yuri4Gwen

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Summary:

Billy comes home from an all nighter at college to find Steve Harrington in his mom's kitchen and his mom seems very happy for Steve to be there.

Billy has been obsessed with Steve since he first saw him in Hawkins and his jealousy slowly bubbles over until he can't take it anymore.

Homewrecker Steve

Author's Note:

Neonponders wrote a post on Tumblr about Homewrecker Steve

[Neonponders Tumblr Post](#)

Neonponders is on Ao3 as Pondermoniums and they have filled their own version of the story which is amazing and everyone should read it (and all their all other works) it's here [Chim Chim Chiree](#)

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi [Edith-Moonshadow](#)

Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

Billy walked through the door of his mom's house throwing his heavy bag down and stretching his arms above his head, he needed to stop pulling all-nighters in the library. He heard some commotion in the kitchen and headed in that direction. He walked through the door expecting to see his mom, maybe with her hands wrapped around a hot cup of coffee, her hair in disarray and her pyjamas well worn and sleep rumpled. What he didn't expect was to see Steve Harrington, with his normally well-styled hair looking soft and falling limp over his forehead, dark circles under his doe eyes as he shovelled the fruit loops his mom bought especially for him into his mouth. He was wearing a faded t-shirt, the neck stretched so that you could see a tantalising peek of the top of his collarbones.

"Harrington?"

Steve looked up at him, those eyes widening and his mouth dropping open until he truly looked like a deer in headlights. It felt like all the air had been sucked from the room until Billy felt like his lungs were shrivelling in his chest. He would never admit it out loud but Steve

Harrington had wormed his way into his thoughts back when he'd still been in Hawkins but outside of the darkness of his room he remained agonisingly unattainable. Billy could feel a nervous flutter in his stomach one that he hadn't felt since he left that little house in Hawkins, where his dad's anger bled through into every aspect of his life until he had to walk on eggshells trying to live up to the expectations of a man who only knew frustration. His dad's reaction to his son getting a full scholarship to college had been a slight rustle of his newspaper, he didn't even move it away from his face. He couldn't remember a time when his face hadn't been a mask of resentment, fury flashing through his eyes like lightning during a storm.

The flutter had been present with Steve too but whereas with his dad it had been a warning, an animal instinct to protect himself from the pain and hostility that he knew was coming his way. With Steve it made him feel giddy, it was like riding on a rollercoaster or that little thrill when he'd managed to stay on his surfboard for just a little longer than last time. Yet it frustrated him too, Steve was so dismissive of Billy, he would barely look in his direction no matter what Billy did. So he became aggressive, it would grow within him like a dark cloud, the lighting not far behind and he hated it. It felt too close to home.

When he'd tracked down his mom so that he could stay with her during college at least for the first year or so as it would save him some money and they could rebuild their fractured relationship, he had secretly dreamed about a day in the future when he would return to that gloomy little town. And when he did there was only one thing on his mind, finally getting Steve Harrington's attention. He never imagined that it would be under these circumstances. Whatever these circumstances were.

Steve dropped his spoon and it hit the bottom of the bowl with a loud crack and the air flowed back into the room, filling Billy's lungs back up like balloons until he felt as though they were going to burst. Steve's face had turned an interesting shade of red, not a delicate little blush or from exertion as he'd seen in the past, it looked as though it would be hot to the touch. Billy peeled his tongue off the roof of his mouth and parted his lips to speak when his mom's voice

called into the room from the hall.

“You find something to eat ok, Baby?”

Billy almost swallowed his tongue as Steve quickly averted his eyes. His mom’s voice held a husky, dulcet tone that he’d never heard before as though she had been singing for hours or had one too many cigarettes. The sound of her bare feet slapping across the tiled floor made Billy turn towards her. He desperately wanted her to walk into the room wearing her work outfit, her makeup done and her hair ready for the day ahead. That way he could imagine that she’d just discovered Steve this morning took in his outfit or sad eyes and offered him breakfast.

She padded into the room wearing a short t-shirt, a pair of well-worn shorts, her hair looked like she hadn’t brushed it in days, it resembled straw where it fell against her shoulder, she wore no makeup save for a little lipstick that had stained her lips a soft pink. When she saw Billy she stopped dead and for a moment he feared that the room was going to become suffocating again but aside from a soft blush to her cheeks she recovered quickly.

“Good morning Billy Baby I thought you were staying with friends?”

“No, that’s next week.”

“Oh, are you on your way to school?”

“No just back.”

“Do you want something to eat?”

Steve suddenly jumped to his feet, his face was so red that Billy was surprised there was any blood left in his body.

“I should go.”

“No you don’t have to, it’s ok.”

Billy’s mom quickly walked around Billy and put her hands on Steve’s shoulders, he glanced at Billy with a stricken expression before he looked back at her. She leaned closer until her lips were almost

touching Steve's and Billy felt that storm building in his chest as she whispered to him.

"Don't worry it's ok, nothing has to change..."

Billy stood frozen to the spot, he had the irrational urge to grab Steve, pull him away from his mom and over to him. Steve glanced at him again and whatever he saw on Billy's face made the colour drain from his before he pulled away from Billy's mom and ran out into the backyard. Billy didn't think he just followed him.

When he got outside Steve was standing near the wall that was covered in peach coloured climbing roses, he looked like an exquisite oil painting, his soft brown hair and pale skin complemented beautifully by the muted colour of the flowers. Billy's heart started to swell in his chest, he felt like a smitten fool as he walked up to him. Steve turned towards him with helpless eyes. He brought his hands up in front of himself like a shield and Billy felt regret for past behaviour settle over him like a constricting blanket. Steve took a deep breath the flush to his face had faded slightly but he was still very pink.

"Why are you here?"

"My dad he... I finally disappointed him too much so he kicked me out...my mom was smuggling me some money and he found out and they had a huge row and I just couldn't do it anymore, I have an aunt in California, a few hours from here and she's gonna take me in for a while."

"That doesn't explain what I walked in on Pretty Boy."

Steve ducked his head as the blush on his face deepened. Billy bit his lip, he could feel his control slipping.

"I...I don't have any money and nothing really to offer except..."

"Except?"

Steve looked up his mouth an angry line and his eyes ablaze.

"Me, nothing except me."

Billy let out a shaky breath and before he knew what he was doing he had Steve pinned to the wall. Steve groaned softly at the scratch of the roses on his back. All the nights that he'd lay alone and ached rushed through his mind, all the times he'd felt inadequate in the face of Steve Harrington and his beauty, the burning rage of jealousy that had burned through his chest until he felt like he'd run ten miles while holding his breath, all of that was nothing to how he felt now.

"You mean?"

"I don't owe you anything Hargrove, I'm sorry if I've caused any problems between you and... your mom but I didn't know alright, I mean how could I?"

"So anyone with a little extra money can buy your time Princess."

"Fuck you."

"Not exactly what I had in mind."

Steve glared at him.

"Just leave me alone, I'll be gone by tonight and you'll never see me again."

That familiar ache returned to Billy's chest and he pressed his body a little closer, Steve squirmed against him.

"So you can't be that desperate for money or do you just enjoy fucking people's moms."

Billy knew that one day he would have money, he was going to college, he worked hard and he was determined to make something of himself but he didn't have a lot of money now. He hadn't wished for anything since he was a child and his mom had first left. He'd felt so alone, so small and so scared. His dad's frustrations didn't leave with her they just lost the main focus of them and his rage became aimed at Billy. He had wished so hard that she would return, come back for him but she never had, over time the sweet scent of her perfume had faded from the house along with her laughter and soft voice and he'd learned that wishes were just a waste of energy. Steve looked down towards the ground and Billy moved a little closer to his

neck, the faded scent of his mom's perfume wafted off Steve's pinkening skin and a growl came unbidden to his lips.

He ached to feel Steve's trembling throat beneath his teeth, he hated that he'd returned to him under these circumstances, how many women like his mom had got to touch Steve? Watch his face twist in pleasure, feel his fingers caress their bodies, had he felt anything for any of them? Or had it all been transactional? He pushed his fingers under Steve's chin and forced his face up, he refused to make eye contact looking past Billy into the sky as though it held all the answers. Billy's annoyance grew and his eyes slid down onto Steve's lips, they had a slight tremble to them and he quickly closed the distance capturing them in a brutal kiss. Steve pulled back putting a little distance between them.

"Don't."

Billy's anger burned through him.

"What about if I gave you a dollar, how much time would I get Princess?"

Steve hit him hard in the side and when Billy flinched he managed to get away from him and ran back into the house. Billy took a few minutes to calm himself down and when he returned his mom watched him with curious eyes but he just poured himself a coffee sitting a few feet away from Steve.

Billy festered in his jealousy for the rest of the day, he hated seeing them together but he couldn't look away either. Steve kept shooting him defiant little looks as he grabbed his mom and pulled her into a kiss. Billy ached so much for so many things, his anger at being denied burned hot within him yet when they were both distracted he couldn't help admiring how beautiful Steve looked with his eyes closed, a soft sigh escaping his lips before he kissed her gently. The kisses were kept short and soft, he didn't know if his mom was uncomfortable because he was there or if it was Steve's doing. A little

tease for both of them.

His mind ran through so many scenarios where he'd make Steve pay for this little charade, apparently once a spoiled brat always a spoiled brat. Unfortunately, he didn't get a chance, his mom monopolised all of Steve's attention and Billy's frustration grew. That night he lay in bed listening for anyone in the hall hoping against hope that Steve would need to use the bathroom or get a glass of water in the night and Billy would be waiting.

At around four in the morning, he was beginning to think that it was a lost cause when he heard a floorboard creak just down the hall. He crept out of bed and opened his door a crack and there he was in all his sleep rumbled glory walking dazedly back towards his mom's room. Billy slipped out of his room and crept up behind him, Steve stiffened a second before he threw one arm around his waist and his other hand over his mouth. He felt Steve's muffled cry against his hand as he pulled him into his room and kicked the door closed. He pulled him close to his body, bringing his lips close to his ear.

"Hello, Princess."

He felt a soft breath against his hand before he slowly released him. Steve turned around to face him, his mouth an angry line.

"What's your problem Hargrove?"

Billy smirked at him.

"I wanted to continue our conversation from earlier."

"Oh, the one where you thought you could treat me like someone who could be bought."

"Well can't you?"

"Not by you."

A little tendril of fury flowed through him.

"Why not?"

“You couldn’t afford me.”

‘Why? Because I’m not a sweet old lady whose counted her pennies just waiting for a little slut to come along and sell himself to me.’

Steve poked him in the shoulder hard enough to leave an angry little bruise.

“Fuck you.”

Billy couldn’t take it anymore, he felt desperate, he’d had to spend all day watching Steve’s little display and he was too hungry to ignore what he wanted. They were all alone, it was the middle of the night, nowhere to go and no one to interrupt. He pushed Steve against the wall and captured his lips in a ravenous kiss. Steve fought back until Billy placed his hands on his wriggling hips and squeezed hard. When he sunk his teeth into his bottom lip, Steve melted a little against him.

Billy got lost in the kiss, it was everything he’d ever dreamed of and more. His mind could only conjure so much, he never could have guessed how soft his lips were, or the harder he squeezed the more pliable Steve became and getting to hear his moans was like hearing a song that you loved for the first time. At first, you were unsure about learning its parts but soon it became a part of you ingrained in your soul and it always called out to you, reminding you of where you had been when you heard it.

He wanted more so much more so he kissed his way over to Steve’s quivering throat, he wanted to sink his teeth in deep making Steve incoherent and then tomorrow in the daylight he could enjoy his marks on Steve’s skin, remember how it felt to put them there. Steve would catch his eye and blush as he remembered too. He licked up behind Steve’s ear enjoying his little shiver.

“You should have seen them, they were all beautiful, hot too and they wanted to take care of me...”

He sucked Steve’s lobe into his mouth causing him to inhale sharply.

“Made sure I was well fed...they were so sweet...they’d run their

fingers through my hair and kiss me gently until their desire for more finally won out and then...

Billy bit down hard where Steve's neck met his shoulder enjoying the little shudder, the moan that vibrated through his skin. He slid his fingers up into Steve's hair winding the soft strands around his fingers before he tightened them and pulled. He kissed his way over to Steve's throat, licking over the tendons bulging under his skin as Steve let out a shaky exhale.

"I'm not gonna be sweet...I'm gonna treat you like the little slut you are...you're gonna have to work for it with me, I know you're not a little delicate flower...who needs taken care of...it's all a facade...you're a little brat...a little brat who needs to be taught a lesson and when I'm finished with you...you're gonna be out of commission..."

Steve whined and Billy captured his lips once more biting down hard just to feel him shudder against him.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard...you're gonna forget every single caress... every one of them that tucked you in at night...I'm gonna pump you full...so full...and you're gonna take it all like a good boy and thank me for it..."

"Billy..."

Billy slid his hands down Steve's body until he reached his ass, he ran his hands over it enjoying how supple it felt, how Steve moaned when he squeezed hard. He licked back over the indents he'd left in Steve's flesh moaning as he thought about all the other places on Steve's body that he was going to mark with his teeth. Steve's soft bitten off whimpers were music to his ears and they fuelled his ardour, he'd dreamed about this moment for so long and he wanted to draw it out for as long as possible, to truly see Steve fall apart because of what Billy was doing to him. He kissed his way down to the collarbones that he'd been admiring earlier, licking over them then scraping his teeth against them relishing how it made Steve jump.

"I'm gonna draw it out Princess...keep you on the edge until your voice croaks as you cry my name...until you hold your little legs

open just for me...make sure I get my money's worth..."

Steve threw his head back, his tongue peeking out to wet his lips and Billy returned to his throat licking over it as he slid one of his hands up the back of Steve's shirt, groaning when his fingers ran over the small raised track left behind by one of the thorns of the rose on his shoulder.

Then suddenly he thought he heard a floorboard creak out in the hall. He went completely stock still as his heart hammered in his chest, was his mom still up at this hour? A part of him didn't care, wanted her to find them together. He wasn't too sure how she'd react. Throughout his childhood she was a confusing paradox, a soft kind woman who cared about him and a woman who was quick to anger and had abandoned him to his father's rage.

He became frozen as he got stuck in a loop of indecision when suddenly Steve pushed him back. He stumbled crashing down onto his bed when he lost his balance. Steve walked briskly to the door, he pulled it open and looked back at Billy, his face was alight with mischief, his mouth a smug little pout before it widened into a smirk.

"My time is valuable now Hargrove and I don't think you can afford me."

He let his eyes travel slowly over Billy's body, the air around him seemed to crackle with static electricity as he bit down on his lip and Billy had to work hard to fight back the whine that he felt building in his chest. Steve made eye contact with him again, his eyes seemed as though they were glowing, a little challenge all for Billy then he turned and walked from the room closing the door behind him.

Billy felt like he'd just been trapped in a tornado, he felt disoriented and like his lungs were filled with too much air. He couldn't believe that he'd been so close to getting everything he wanted and that he had tasted Steve's lips and skin. That he'd heard breathtaking little whimpers fall from his lips. He knew that he would think of nothing else until he'd made good on his promise. Steve Harrington would pay. And Billy would make it worth his time.